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#### CUT IN WAGES.

#### Ten Per Cent. Reduction in New England Cotton Mills.

Boston, March 31.—The general reduction of 1 per cent. in the wages of New England cotton-mill operatives, which was recently decided upon, became effective today in mills employing 60,000 persons. Next Monday the movement will apply to the pay of as many more. The reduction is due to the depression of the cotton-goods market, which forced many mills to curtail production. The city of Fall River, Lawrence and Berkshire counties are not included in the general reduction, but may be affected later on.

There was some interest in mill circles to-day as to how the operatives would accept the cut down. Several minor strikes were regarded as possible, but the serious walk-out was expected at any point to-day.

The curtailment is general throughout New England at the present time. The average curtailment is placed at from 20 to 25 per cent. of the production. The cotton mills of New England have about 15,000 spindles. In Fall River production of print cloths last week was lessened by about 155,000 pieces, the largest amount held from the market this year. It is probable that most of the Fall River mills will adopt M. C. D. Borden's policy and run in half time, closing every other week.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulents (25 cents per box) correct the liver, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

A New York dispatch to a Chicago paper says Anna Gould has broken with her relatives and will be married to Count Sagar.

William J. Bryan says the Democratic banquet at Kansas City Monday night was the largest ever held in the United States.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the great system tonic and builder.

#### SLEEP STILL UNBROKEN

#### All Efforts to Arouse California Woman Have Proved Futile.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 30.—Mrs. Beulah Hawkins, who has puzzled the medical and psychological professors by her long, unbroken sleep, at the county hospital, will today begin the fifty-eighth day of her mysterious slumber.

Unless her sleep is soon broken, the physicians declare, Mrs. Hawkins will never survive the effects of it, granting that she does not die while still sleeping.

Every effort known to science has been resorted to to awaken her, but all so far have been futile, and doctors are of the opinion she will die sleeping.

#### UNCLE SAM

#### May Be Called Upon to Spank Venezuela.

Washington, D. C., March 31.—All the patience of the government has been exhausted in trying to get a just and equitable settlement of American claims with Venezuela. Every proposition of concession made by Secretary Root and his predecessor, Mr. Hay, has been treated with almost contempt, and now something will be doing unless Castro dismounts from his high horse.

Uncle Sam's gunboats may be brought into action in a short time, as Castro evidently does not intend to do the square thing until he is forced to do so.

Today the correspondence that has passed between America and Venezuela was submitted to the Senate, and it is almost certain to create a profound impression.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

The condition of Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, continues to improve and his physicians consider that convalescence has begun.

## HOW MOLLY SAVED PLEASANTVILLE.

By ARTHUR H. GRANT.

Pleasantville had waked up. The center of a rich farming district, it had grown so quietly that it hadn't realized that it had outgrown its short dresses, so to speak, until Henry Graham, the enterprising manager of the Pioneer Electric company in Milldale, eight miles away, asked for a franchise and a contract to light its streets with electricity, which he proposed to transmit from his recently enlarged Milldale plant.

Pleasantville was divided between a sense of shame at having so long been content with oil lighted streets and delight at the prospect of having its beautiful elm shaded streets as attractive in the evening as they were by day. The city fathers had discussed the project, and a final vote was to be taken at the council meeting on Thursday evening. Graham had made the proposition that was fair to Pleasantville and yet would give a good profit to the stockholders and was congratulating himself on having done a good stroke of business, for a practically unanimous vote was assured, when, as usual, the unexpected happened.

On Wednesday afternoon trouble alighted from the westbound express in the person of Hiram Stickney, a stoutish, middle aged man of the "glad hand" type, but with little wrinkles around his eyes, which, to the wise, were danger signals of a more sinister character than was revealed by the jolly smile with which he greeted the clerk of the City hotel.

"Electric light contract let yet?" he asked of that rather sleepy functionary.

"No, but it will be tomorrow night." "Maybe so and maybe not," replied Stickney as he followed the bellboy to his room.

Twenty-four hours was all he needed to make his "maybe not" come true, for as the representative of the Slicker Manufacturing company he had become expert as a franchise killer and as a builder of municipal plants.

A week later he and the mayor were seated side by side on the platform of the largest hall in town. The final vote of the council had been postponed, and Stickney was that night to show

in the hall were helping out the temperature of an August night—the mayor rose again and stated that although Mr. Stickney had covered the ground very thoroughly, an opportunity would be given to any citizens to question him. Later a vote would be taken in order that the council might know the wishes of its constituents.

The city engineer, whose training and experience were limited to land surveying and setting the grades for the streets and sewers, felt that his position required him to show that he was not dazed by all the technical terms which had been used. Addressing the mayor, he said:

"Mr. Stickney has told us that the capacity of this plant would be 100 kilowatts. I would like to ask him whether that is its maximum or its minimum capacity." [This question was actually asked under the circumstances described; in fact, the main points of the story are a matter of history in a prairie city.]

Stickney never cracked a smile as he replied: "The question is well put. A hundred kilowatts is the normal capacity, but the plant can carry the overload for half an hour or so of twenty-five additional kilowatts."

While some other questions were being asked by prominent citizens, anxious to maintain their prestige, Molly Zimmerman was whispering earnestly to her brother. Molly was a high school girl, who had been studying electricity the winter before. With a few others, she had gone over to Milldale to see how this mysterious current was generated, and Graham, proud of his up to date plant, had shown the little party through it, explaining to them the various pieces of machinery with which it was filled. Molly's bright eyes had noticed the hooded dynamo at one side, and it was in answer to her question that he explained about the duplication of parts for use in case of a breakdown. "And now we have seen the whole plan," said Molly as they were thanking Graham in the office.

"Oh, no," laughed he, "only one part. The other part is the one that wanders all over the town, lights the streets, carries the current to the stores and houses and distributes the surplus power to the factories."

And so, as Stickney talked, he was speaking to an auditor, at least, before whom there rose up a picture of a really up to date plant, and who was bright enough to see the discrepancies between his \$10,000 outfit and what was really needed to light her city.

Perhaps if it had been somebody else's brother instead of her own who was seated beside her, she might have persuaded him to ask the questions which she was too shy to ask for herself. But Tom Zimmerman was more intent upon listening to what the president of the Pleasantville bank (whom Stickney had primed on the subject of bonds) was saying, than on the half audible whispers of his curly headed sister.

Right behind them sat Dr. Grey, who had known Molly all her life. The doctor did not know anything about electric light plants, but he knew that Molly had a wise little head, and when he overheard one of her urgent whispers, he leaned forward and half playfully asked:

"Are you trying to get a spokesman, Molly?"

"Oh, Dr. Grey! Please ask him why he has not said anything about transmission lines, and poles, and street lamps, and meters, and what we would do if the one dynamo should break down!"

"Easy, easy, little girl," said the doctor. "Remember, I am in the infant class (for Molly taught that at Sunday school), and tell me the story gently, as to a little child."

Molly blushed, but after a few minutes of whispering the doctor rose and asked one by one, though hardly in their logical order, the questions that Molly had suggested.

The doctor's first question, "Does the estimate include meters for commercial lighting?" was parried by the glib answer:

"Oh, the customers would buy their own meters."

"Yes, but how much would the meters cost?"

The wrinkles overpowered the smile on Hiram Stickney's face, as he realized by the doctor's quiet way that he was no longer dealing with make believe questions, but with the real desire for knowledge of a man who was accustomed to look beneath the surface of things. Admission after admission was forced from him, until the truth stood revealed that his "complete plant" was only a generating plant, with no provision for distribution, and a poorly equipped one at that. He was a game fighter, however, and did not leave town until after the next council meeting, when franchise and contract were both voted without dissent.

He had done the town one service, however, for the franchise included a proviso that the name of the company should be changed to the Milldale and Pleasantville Electric Light company. None of Stickney's unfavorable predictions was fulfilled, for Pleasantville has grown at the expense of some of its rivals who had no Molly Zimmerman to save them from smooth contract agents and whose tax rates have grown faster than their industries.

Molly's share in the affair was soon generally known, for Dr. Grey was proud of the fact that the quick wit of one of "his girls" had been of such service to the city, and two years afterward, when Molly became Mrs. Henry Graham, the present that she prized most highly was an electric chafing dish, for the card that accompanied it was inscribed, "To the Girl Who Saved Pleasantville, From Her Spokesman."

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